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SCOTT AND THE COVENANTERS.

The Scottish nation had been subject to the sway of the Romish Church until the middle of the sixteenth century. Then, under the leadership of John Knox and other men of like power, the people had turned away from Rome and adopted the Protestant faith. The forms of worship which they chose after this reformation were naturally far different from those of the establishment from which they had seceded. James I., with characteristic obtuseness and tyranny, attempted to force upon the Scots canons which they deemed inimical to the reformed religion; and they, with true Scottish independence, resisted the oppression sturdily. Charles I., the successor of James, was even more tyrannical than his sire. Not content with the prelatie usurpations which his father had introduced into Scotland, he sanctioned the enforcement of a liturgy resembling that of the English church and of canons obnoxious to the deepest sentiments of the Scottish heart.

The continued attempts to make the Scots accept this liturgy against their will resulted, at length, in the celebrated Covenant of 1638. This Covenant pledged the nation to the maintenance of the rights and doctrines of their chosen faith; and when Charles collected an army to reduce the Covenanters to submission, they rose in insurrection and compelled him to treat with them upon their own terms.

The settlement then effected was not, however, entirely satisfactory; and in 1643 the Scottish people united with the English Parliament in swearing to what is known as "The Solemn League and Covenant." This, in distinction from the former covenant, was an engagement to seek the establishment of the Presbyterian faith in England as well as in the North. By the previous bond, the Scotch had united for the preservation of their own liberties; now, they agreed to help the English Puritans, on condition that their form of worship should prevail throughout both the kingdoms.

When Charles II. was restored to the throne, he took oath to maintain this second covenant; but his deeds belied the solemn promise. His ancestors had endeavored to establish merely the Episcopal form of service; he thinly disguised his allegiance to the Church of Rome and his desire to bring back to Scotland all the baneful influences of Popery. "The Solemn Covenant" and all legislation under it were revoked by the "Act Recissory"; the bishops and the liturgy were restored; persecutions were commenced, and again the strange spectacle was presented of a people trodden down by an English monarch because they sought freely to worship God in their own way.

Scottish sturdiness and Scottish tenacity of religious forms combined once more to resist the tyranny of a king; and for eighteen years—from the beginning of the reign of Charles to the accession of William of Orange—Scotland was agitated by the saddest events which have ever occurred within its borders. The people, deeming it unrighteous to attend the services appointed by the monarch, began to worship in conventicles; but the savage cruelty of the king's advisers pursued the Dissenters

even to the fields, with hideous forms of religious persecution. The civil power being unable to fulfil the mandates of these ecclesiastical oppressors, the soldiery were called in, and the simple peasantry were apprehended or murdered by men whose names and deeds have ever since remained notorious in Scottish annals.

The sentiments of the people were at first against resistance; but, beginning gradually in isolated cases, it at length broke out in the unfortunate rising of the Pentland Hills. After this, the persecutors became still fiercer, and, driven to desperation, the people made stands at Drumclog and in the disastrous battle of Bothwell Bridge. These uprisings, which in the end proved so prejudicial to the Scottish cause, did not serve to teach the king his folly; and the nation groaned under the terrible burdens of its tyrant until the accession of the House of Orange released it from the Stuarts' rule.

Sir Walter Scott has made these struggles of the Covenanters the historical foundation of his novel, "Old Mortality." The book opens with the description of events which are supposed to have happened immediately before the skirmish of Drumclog, and continues with the battle of Bothwell Bridge and its unhappy issue. The narrative then passes over to the reign of William III., when a glimpse is given of the changed fortunes of Claverhouse and of the remnant of the Cameronians. Mingled with these pseudo-historical delineations is a romance in Scott's well-known style; but those passages in the work with which our subject is connected will be found among the portions indicated.

In considering the truthfulness of Scott's representation of the Covenanters, it must be remembered that the novelist has chosen a large number of the men described from among the fiercest and most relentless of all those who withstood the oppressions of their kings. The gloomy colors with which he depicts the leaders among the Covenanters will indeed fill every sound mind with horror and disgust, but, apart from any doubt as to the fidelity of the portrayal, it is certain that these characters do not represent the majority of the Scottish Dissenters. The author himself,

in a foot-note to a portion of his work, falls back for vindication upon the stern dispositions of the Cameronians. Yet, though this be granted in his favor, it can hardly be maintained that his work will give one a fair estimate of even these extremists. Their sect was, no doubt, inclined to undue severity in religion and life; they, as so many others after times of reformation, tended to turn from the superstition of Rome to superstition dragged into the Protestant faith; and Scott seems to have good authority for the charge that part of them gave no quarter to their vanquished enemies.

The assassination of Archbishop Sharpe, of St. Andrews, is more than once referred to as a proof of the barbarous disposition of the sect, and does indeed incline the mind to the condemnation of any class which could produce such fanatical murderers. But we cannot admit that the dark pictures given in "*Old Mortality*" are altogether correct representations of the Covenanters' deeds. There is a double test of truth in any written page: the events recorded must be real in themselves, and must be so described as to furnish the sure basis for correct inferences. At this second test, the narrative of the bishop's murder breaks down; for during eighteen long years of most unjust and relentless persecution, this murder was the only one the guilt of which could be fastened upon the suffering people. Can any other land show so fair a record? If it be answered that the historical novelist cannot be expected to give an exact history of the times in which he lays his plot, we reply that, in some things, Scott has clearly overstepped all the bounds of truth. In Hezekiah Mucklewrath he has drawn a character whose very insanity is made to appear a passport to the respect of his scarcely less insane disciples; and he would have us believe that Scotchmen in the seventeenth century, endued as they were with at least some portions of religious truth, thought a man a prophet because his wild ravings corresponded with the bloody impulses of their own harsh natures. To crown the whole, the novelist has introduced the thrilling scene in the moorland cabin, where Mucklewrath, Macbriar and their companions condemn Morton to an undeserved

death. This is charged upon the Covenanters; but what ground is there for the accusation? It is, in truth, only a legitimate climax of the awful character assigned to them throughout the work; but Scott himself, instead of adducing some similar act of theirs as a basis for the incident, declares, in a foot-note, that it was suggested by the treatment which a west-country excise-man received at the hands of a gang of smugglers. We are prepared to concede much that is inconsistent in the lives of the Scottish Covenanters; we have no doubt that the author of "Old Mortality" had some foundation for many of his dark sayings; but it is certainly going too far to charge the deed of a thieving band upon men such as Macbriar and his followers are declared to be in other portions of the work.

The strictures which Scott has applied to the Covenanters are liable to be extended beyond their more appropriate objects, the Cameronians. The majority of the readers of this book will not, in their remembrance of it, distinguish between the whole body of the Dissenters and those at whom the author has more particularly aimed his shafts. Therefore, the defenders of the larger class are right in believing the spread of such descriptions destructive to the reputation of their ancestors. These men held many views which the present age would repudiate, but they accomplished a noble work in the advancement of religion in Scotland. Many of their faults can be traced to the circumstances from which they had been partially but not entirely delivered, and they will bear comparison with other peoples' in situations at all analogous. Compare the Englishmen who contended for civil liberty and the Scotchmen who struggled for religious freedom. The English, brave and sturdy as they were, stooped to the murder of their king; the Scotch, although they endured tyranny as much more oppressive than that of England as religion is more firmly held by man than civil rights, yet received the king in his misfortune, and delivered him to the English only on the condition that he should suffer no harm. The southern nation, successful in its exertions, founded a government which lasted but a few short years; the northern people established a system

of religious rule which has, in substance, endured for two centuries. If we read the annals of the time, we cannot fail to be impressed by the loyalty of this persecuted race. During many weary years they refused to sanction any uprising against the tyrants who oppressed them, and were drawn to resistance only by the natural impulse which prompts every man to defend his own person.

Their ministers, of whom Scott has given such unworthy accounts, are known to have been pure and earnest preachers of the word. They were, indeed, Judaistic in their theology, and prone to make a large matter out of a small point; but the self-denial which they endured, that they might not go athwart their convictions; the torture which they faced, that they might preach the gospel conscientiously; the martyrdom which large numbers of them suffered—all show that they must have been inspired by something higher than mere fanatic zeal.

It is the privilege of the historical novelist to exaggerate character without giving an essentially false view of any person or class. In this aspect of the question, it may be doubted whether Scott has erred in "*Old Mortality*" as grievously as his opponents would persuade us. But his estimate of the Covenanters is a far darker picture than their lives ever justified. From some portions of the work it seems as though the writer himself had come to see that his delineations of these old worthies has been too gloomy and severe. In a foot-note on the character of Poundtext he says, "The author does not desire, by any means, that Poundtext should be regarded as a just representation of the moderate Presbyterians. * * * Were he to write the tale anew, he would probably endeavor to give their character a higher turn." Again, towards the last of his book, while he still censures the foibles of the Cameronians, he acknowledges, in accordance with the facts of history, that when they had been delivered from the persecutions of their oppressors, they became a sect neither revolutionary nor troublesome to the state.

If the author of the novel thus confesses his mistakes, we cannot blame the stern Presbyterians of Scotland for entertaining more disparaging views of his production. There is nothing

dearer to a high-minded man than the reputation of his ancestry; there is nothing more firmly fixed in the hearts of Scotchmen than reverence for their ancient religion. In "Old Mortality," Scott has gone counter to sentiments combining the influence of both these master motives, and therefore the strictures of his critics follow naturally the harsh production of his pen. His supporters may plead urgently in his defence, and may undermine some of the allegations of their opponents, but we must still hold, with the latter, that the renowned Scotchman has given to the world a too darkly colored view of the hero-martyrs of his native land.

SIR LANCELOT OF THE LAKE.

From the earliest beginning of English literature down to the present time, the story of Arthur, the "blameless king and stainless man," has dwelt upon the lips of bards and formed the poet's theme. In our own day, Tennyson has taken the well-loved tales, and clothing them in the wealth of his poetic beauty, has sung his wondrous "Idyls of the King."

Among all the press of gallant knights and ladies fair, no one more strongly claims our attention than Sir Lancelot of the Lake. Scarcely the great king himself deserves so close a study as does his peerless knight. The king stands before us, grand, noble, pure. All that he is, he seems; all that he seems, he is. He has no hidden traits to be sought out,—no changing moods. Steadily he goes on in the great work he has laid out for himself, his heart filled with a divine love, his every word and deed an act of faith. He struggles against sin at home, the heathen world without, and at last lays down his life, a martyr to the cause he served. But Lancelot is a far different man, made of a baser clay, and prone to sin. He bursts upon us in all the glory of young manhood. Young as he is, he is already a well-proved

knight. In the twelve great battles between the king and the heathen hordes, he had won his master's love and admiration. Brave, generous, courteous, he seems all that a knight should be. And as he grew in prowess beneath the king's own eye, he held him dearer than all else beside, save only one, and that a maiden whom in far-off Camelard he had seen, and felt his heart throb at the sight, and cherished up the vision in his breast.

Thus growing daily in all knightly deeds, Sir Lancelot became the goodliest knight in all the realm. The bravest knights go down before his lance as if by magic, nor was there one who dared look in the face the azure lions on his shield. For courtesy he had no peer, and, like his master, did not hold himself above the humble and the weak. The meanest in the land had Lancelot's sympathy; and if there came a knight to Arthur's hall who lacked assistance or a friendly word, it was Lancelot gave it. His loyal spirit echoed back the love his king so freely gave, and strove to follow in the way that he would lead. Like kindred spirits they seem to go their way, one in heart and aim, until one day King Arthur sent the "warrior whom he loved and honored most" to bring his bride to Camelot,

"And Lancelot passed away among the flowers,
(For then was latter April,) and returned
Among the flowers in May with Guinivere."

Merrily they rode along beneath the summer skies, and each unconscious wound themselves about the other's heart; and so they came to Camelot. But when the time of parting came, they stood appalled, and found the love, till now deep hidden down in the lowest secrets of their hearts; and each so mighty in their several ways were neither strong enough to tear this guilty love from out their hearts, and so it grew.

And now there came a change to Lancelot, as he said:

"In me there lived a sin
So strange, of such a kind, that all of pure,
Noble and knightly in me twined and clung
Round that one sin, until the wholesome flower
And the poisonous grew together, each as each,
Nor to be plucked asunder."

He knew himself too well, for, though he struggled hard,

"The shackles of an old love straitened him ;
His honor rooted in dishonor stood,
And faith unfaithful kept him falsely true."

And yet his manly spirit never tires, but ever in him wages constant war, till every feature bears the marks of never-ending strife. But now there came upon him a deep melancholy, which weighed upon his soul and marred the beauty of his handsome face, and stilled the music of his winning laugh ; and, waxing fiercer, his reason now began to totter.

"In him
His mood was often like a fiend, and rose
And drove him into wastes and solitudes,
For agony."

Here Tennyson departs from the old legends, as Mallory gives them, and makes Sir Lancelot fully his own. Nor is the change for the worse. He passes over the story of Lancelot's madness, merely hinting at it, and pointing rather to a terrible mental and spiritual struggle, which, though it shakes the very foundations of his mind, never quite unseats it. Thus he is able to omit that saddest part of the old legends where the wanderings of Lancelot in his madness are rehearsed.

Finding himself unable to shake off his sin, Lancelot seems to give himself up to it, and to follow whithersoever it may lead him. The unopposed sin eats like a canker into the noble heart. All barriers are swept away, and it riots madly in him. He has fallen from the flower of knighthood. He has proved false to all he once held sacred—his king, his knighthood, and his faith.

But fate is kind to Lancelot, and though he seems to be given up to his great sin, there is yet a better day in store for him. Though fortune turn her back upon him, adversity enfold him in her sable garments, despair wring his heart till she shall have spilled well nigh the very last drop of his life's blood, still that day shall come. That sin, which he had struggled so long, so vainly, to cast forth, was now to be torn from his heart, and by

long years of pain and suffering the good was to be purged from the bad. Once more he shall come into his high estate, not in glory or in worldly honor, but in humble faithfulness. The last milestone on the downward road is reached. He has drained to the very dregs his cup of pleasure. The weight of shame which he has long been laying up for himself at length descends upon his guilty head. This sin made public, he must flee the court, and so he takes his way unto his castle over seas, and the queen retires to Glastonbury.

Thus has he fallen. Once so pure and noble, the brave, the courteous, the true; now the rich setting still remains, but the priceless jewel has been lost forever. There is still the strength of arm, the winning grace and easy courtesy of manner, but all within is black and vile. Still, there is something in that lofty countenance, all marred by sin and struggles against that sin, which seems to tell that something of the old true honor still remains.

Thus far, Tennyson has wrought out the character of Lancelot with surpassing skill. He has told, with unequaled force and beauty, the story of the man, noble in every way, and of his one great sin; how like a plague-spot it has spread in his bosom till all within was, like itself, foul and vile; and he has left untold much that the early legends tell of deeds unworthy of the knight he sings. But now when Lancelot, as Mallory portrays him, begins to turn from his sin and rise once more to what he used to be or even something higher, our poet passes on in almost utter silence, and the character suffers in consequence. For here we see the true heart asserting itself, breaking its bonds and taking on its old-time grandeur—loyal, patient, pure. The old sin, torn from his heart, is cast beneath his feet. Tennyson, however, passes lightly over the war between Lancelot and the king, giving us but one brief glance; and dwells upon the great woe it brought upon the land. Thus in one last brilliant scene, he paints the final struggle of the great Pendragon ere he passed

"To the island-valley of Avilon;
Deep meadows happy, fair with orchard lawns,
And bowery hollows crowned with summer sea."

But he tells us nothing of the long years to come, of Lancelot in the humble hermit's cell, save only that he sought out this life. What must have been the weight of grief unspeakable that weighed upon his soul! The years rolled by, but surely he lived not in those days but rather in those first happy years when he, the glory of the Table Round, rode gaily forth in quest of deeds of arms. He must have wandered as one in a dream; for what heart could have borne the sight of heathen hordes filling the land and ever bringing to his mind the ruin that his sin had wrought to Arthur and the Table Round—to all he once held dear?

Thus he passes from our gaze, for, like his birth, his death is veiled in darkness that no eye can penetrate. His death? Nay, for he still lives and ever shall, within the poet's verse and in the hearts of those who love to tell and listen to his deeds of valor,—our noble knight, Sir Lancelot of the Lake.

"THE FINAL PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY."

A LECTURE.

* In a thorough study of nature, it is right that every fact should be taken into deliberate consideration. Every event must have a cause; and only by studying facts can we arrive at a conception of their causes, both efficient and final, and through these of the special significance and importance of the facts. Without further preface we will proceed to the indication and due consideration of some very striking facts, which have hitherto been quite unnoticed by scientists, but which have a most vital connection with the history and circumstances of our world and hence of man.

First, then, notice that in the names of the great continents, Europe, Africa, Asia, Australia and America, all, with the exception of Europe, begin with the letter *a* and end with *a*, while

Europe begins with *e* and ends with *e*. This is a most striking and significant fact. Many explanations of it have been suggested, but as yet no perfectly satisfactory one has been found. Ritter offers as a solution, that Europe was settled by the descendants of Shem, the vowel of whose name is *e*, while the other continents were settled by the descendants of Ham, the vowel of whose name is *a*. This, at first sight, seems very plausible, but further research must modify the present interpretation of history before this view can be regarded as correct. The explanation offered by Nosnibor is more plausible, and probably much nearer the truth. He brings to notice the fact that *a* is the primary vowel; hence the continents first inhabited have this as their ruling letter. Europe, being peopled later and being the continent of higher development, has the more advanced vowel *e* as its symbol. At any rate, whatever the true explanation may be, the fact remains, and its great results and influence we must consider. Who has not noticed that *e* is the most common vowel in the English language? Here, where we would so little expect it, we find the reason for this fact. Whether or not *a* is the most common vowel in other languages philologists have not yet made known; but having turned their attention to these striking facts, we may await with confidence the result of their investigations.

This "vowel fact," if we may so designate it, also gives a clue to the origin of the different species of animals which inhabit the earth. Those in whose names the vowel *e* predominates over *a*, such as emu, elephant, tiger, etc., must have come originally from Europe, and those in whose names *a* predominates, such as ass, raccoon, ape, baboon, cat, etc., must have originated in some of the other continents. Hence we may infer that all those animals in whose names neither of these vowels occurs, must have originally belonged to the fish tribe living in the ocean. This fact will doubtless be of great advantage to naturalists, since animals have become so scattered through the world that no other means could possibly tell with such certainty their various birth-places. This great "vowel fact" leads to a long train of other

interesting inferences, but the necessarily narrow limits of our course force us to hurry on.

It is a well-known fact that the continents may well be divided into three great couples: Europe and Africa, Asia and Australia, and the two Americas. Now it is a significant fact that the total number of letters in the names of the first couple is twelve; of the second, thirteen; and of the third, fourteen. This shows the wonderful order of things. We see here a regular gradation. Under this head, it may be well to note the fact that Asia, the largest continent, has the smallest name; while Australia, the smallest continent, has the largest name. This exhibits the wonderful balance maintained throughout the globe.

Having noted thus the regularity and harmony, let us consider the distinctive features of the continents as set forth in their names. Notice that Europe is the only continent whose name contains the distinctive letters *o* and *p*. Africa has the distinctive letter *f*. Australia has the distinctive letters *l* and *t*, and America the letter *m*. Asia is the only continent which has no distinctive letter, and this is easily explained, because it is much the largest and embodies in itself the peculiarities of the entire globe.

Again, the only distinctive *vowel* belongs to Europe. This, too, helps to explain its pre-eminence over other continents. These great varieties and distinctive features in the different continents are in order to the development of varied races of men in them. If all the continents had the same name there would be but one race of men.

There are also striking similarities in the names, and, consequently, in the conditions of different continents. The names of Asia and Australia both end with *ia*. When we remember that *a* and *i* are the vowels of the word *ail*, signifying an island, the meaning of this similarity becomes plain, for Australia is the only continent that is an island, and Asia is the continent least like an island. The striking connection here is obvious. Again, Africa and America both end with *ca*. The letters *ac* are probably the remnant of the word *black*, and this accounts for the fact

that black men were brought as slaves from Africa to America. Again, America is the only one of the other continents that contains the vowel *e* of Europe. This is just what we should expect, for has not America been settled by Europeans? Asia and Australia have the common bond of the letter *s*. This letter is the symbol of plurality, and signifies that Asia is a great many times as large as Australia, and that Australia is a great many times smaller than Asia. The names of all the continents except Europe have *i* as the next to last vowel. Europe being a more advanced continent has the more important vowel *o* in this position. There are many other points of similarity, such as the fact that the names of all the continents but Asia contain the letter *r*, and the similarity of the combination *ri* in America and Africa. An uneducated mind would naturally jump at the conclusion that all the four final letters of America and Africa were one combination. At first sight this looks plausible, but it cannot be correct, since the letters *ca* have the separate signification explained above. Of all things the most dangerous to a science, is the unwarranted jumping at conclusions. We should seek to proceed slowly and surely, testing beforehand each round of the ladder, always carefully weighing every opinion, as I have endeavored to do in this lecture, before pronouncing it a settled fact.

Before leaving this subject, let us note one most striking fact. All the letters of the words *Europe*, *Asia*, *Africa*, *Australia*, *North and South America*, when combined in a sentence, give us this startling information: *Ursa, a pole star of area, hath a circuit around me in Asia*. What can this mean? This question has never yet been answered, and it bids fair to puzzle the greatest scientists of the present and the future. I submit it to you all for your candid and careful consideration.

COFFIN LEDGE.

Not very many years ago the country about Coffin Ledge was a lonely waste. Diminutive sage dotted the plains, and coyotes roamed unhindered, only attracted from their homes at times by the fall of another exhausted ox or mule, a victim to add to the long line of whitening bones which marked the course of travel far to the north of the Ledge. Birds of prey wheeled in great circles in the air above, or perched upon the numerous crags and projections in the face of the cliff; animal life was not wanting in the gorge at its foot; as yet, however, man had not made his presence felt.

But the scene changed. A discontented digger, wandering up the stream in search of a promising pocket, camped overnight in the valley, and in a listless pan-out found a few gleaming grains in his tin. In a week there were a dozen huts at the place, not a few tents, and a store with a bar; and the camp of Coffin Ledge was an established institution. The name arose from a peculiar formation in the cliff above. Among the many crags on its side there is one in particular which attracts notice—a long, seemingly narrow length of rock projecting out horizontally about half way down the side and with a striking likeness to a coffin. It was accessible only from above by a sheer descent of forty feet, but the hardest of the miners did not venture to defy its ominous warning and stand upon its surface.

Three months have passed since the Ledge was first populated, and it has in course of time developed into the ordinary mining-camp, with perhaps a little more than ordinary of brutality and coarseness. The yield of gold has proved moderately good,—better than farther down the stream; the good claims extend over an unusually large amount of ground; and the men dig, wash and hoard, swear, drink and gamble, and are content.

In a camp made up as this is of men gathered from all quarters of the world, there must needs be many odd characters, individuals whose natures have become twisted into some unusual

shape by the force of circumstances or their own habits. There was Long Tim, the native Californian; Louis, the Louisiana creole; Chops, the Massachusetts ex-butcher; Emil Thiers, commonly called Milly; and the inevitable "judge," a rascally-looking figure who had gained his soubriquet through his once having served his native state by breaking stones for the public welfare. But latterly interest had been in part attracted away from these men. There had been a new arrival in the camp—a tall, fierce-looking man, roughly clad, yet with an air of refinement, and accompanied by a young boy, evidently his son. The man showed no desire to mingle with the rest, but, on the contrary, kept aloof as much as possible. He put up a rough hut a little apart from the others, toward the upstream path, and at once settled down to steady work. He had taken a claim, and worked it day by day with a determined moroseness which few cared to disturb. The boy, however, freely mingled with the others and soon became a general favorite. The child's innocence and beauty insensibly had a softening effect upon the roughest; and his open-eyed amazement and fearless denunciation of anything brutal or profane checked even Long Tim's ready oaths or Chops' savage-looking dirk. The usual Sunday gambling grew less frequent. A demand for brushes and soap, and even new shirts, was remarked by the store-keeper, and the bar did a less thriving trade than formerly; each man was emulous of securing the favor of the one object lovable in all Coffin Ledge, and deprived himself of his favorite indulgences the better to gain this end. By degrees the tone of the place changed; the influence of a little child was the first cause, and the force of example, with the increasing desire for improvement, kept up the work.

The boy talked but little of himself and his affairs. All that could be gathered was that the father had left his wife and come West; that he was liable to strange, maniacal moods, in which his fury rendered him dangerous; and that Jamie himself was constitutionally subject to blind, unreasoning fits of terror which calculated consequences as little as did the father's rage. The

men were deeply interested in the lad's account, and severally resolved to keep a close watch on the father, "fur," as the judge said, "he may up and kill the lad some day ef we don't take keer; and then what would ye do, mates?"

A grasping at revolvers and a deep, threatening murmur was a sufficient answer.

So time passed. One afternoon Daniells quit work suddenly and marched straight up toward his hut. The boy saw his face as he advanced, and started up with a scream of terror; and as the other broke into a quick run towards him, he sprang away, beside himself with fear, and flew up the long and winding path which led to the top of the cliff, closely followed by the father, whom sudden rage now seemed to have turned into a demon. The whole occurrence took place so quickly that pursuer and pursued were far up the path before the other miners were aware of what had happened. They dropped work in an instant, and rushed up the bank; but pursuit was out of the question, and they could but gaze upward with dread but helpless forebodings. Up the winding ascent went boy and man, the former slowly widening the distance between them. Up they climb, higher, higher! Now they reach the top and, turning, speed along the very brink of the precipice, until the boy at length comes to the spot just above the horrible stone called the Coffin. Here he turned, gave a last wild look at his pursuer, and then plunged down over the brink and struck with a deadly thud upon the smooth, wide top of the Coffin.

The father stopped short; put his hands to his head in a dazed way and staggered backward; then all at once a flash of reason seemed to penetrate his mind. With an agonized cry of "Jamie! my boy!" he started toward the verge of the cliff, but his strength failed and he fell heavily forward on the very edge.

By this time the men below had recovered their powers of motion, and advanced toward the foot of the cliff, gazing, horror-fascinated, toward the fatal crag. Louis, with two or three others, unable to endure inaction, had hastened up the cliff path in the hope of rendering assistance; but the rest, seeing at once

the hopelessness of the attempt, remained where they were. The minutes passed—they seemed hours. No sign from above. The stillness was ghastly. Far away was heard the scream of some belated bird returning to its nest; the howl of the jackal rose dismally in the now fast-gathering gloom; but the paralyzed group of men stood in silence, watching the great black rock that loomed o'erhead and shut out the sight of the tragedy which had just occurred.

The miners who had rushed up the path gained the top and hurried along the brow of the precipice to the spot where lay the motionless body of the madman. But their first look was directed down upon the Coffin. One look was enough; Louis gasped out "dead!" and the miners below, guessing too well the import of his look and gesture, turned away with a groan. Jamie was dead; the good spirit of the camp had taken wing, and many a rough heart stilled its beating at the thought.

Daniells was soon revived, though reason had gone forever and left him helpless and crazed. But the lad whom his madness drove to death had passed beyond the reach of human aid and love.

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A white shaft now stands on Coffin Ledge, pointing with its tip to the sky. The camp below has become a town; but churches outnumber the saloons, and on the spot where the miners used to congregate to witness a Sunday fight there is now a little chapel dedicated to "Jamie". The place is in some degree a mining town still; but, unlike others, it is almost entirely free from the low and brutal features common to them. New-comers are speedily made aware that swearing and fighting are somehow out of place in Coffin Ledge, and one look at the white pillar on the Coffin tells them why, better than words could do. The mystery of the mad miner's life has never been explained, but the memory of the boy is not forgotten. The spirit of the dead lad seems to brood over the place, not sorrowfully as one departed, but radiant with love and peace and joy unspeakable.

THE CHARACTER OF MYRA.

Within the last three months a novel has appeared which has attracted more notice than any other work of fiction since the time of "Waverly". This attention is due not so much to any special literary merit that it possesses, but rather to the political reputation of its author. Although professing to relate the story of his life, the name of the book is almost a misnomer. Endymion Ferrars, although designed to be the central figure of the plot, in reality plays the part of a subordinate character. Throughout the whole story, he takes a passive part; he seems not to *act* but to be *acted on*. The bent and drift of his life are ruled by the will of another, and that a woman. In short, as the Rev. Amos Barton was described as the "quintessence of mediocrity," Endymion may be styled the quintessence of negation.

Myra, on the other hand, forms an exact counterpart to her brother. She thinks, acts, directs; he simply obeys. This is the most apparent defect in the whole story. We see a woman proud, energetic, of immense will, yet utterly wrapped up in a man who, in regard to any positiveness of character, is an absolute zero. The only theory which can explain this mystery is that Myra's object is not so much to achieve her brother's glory as to regain the lost position of her family, and in her eager pursuit of this object she forgets entirely his want of force and sees in him the only living representative of that family which she has bound herself to rescue. Yet the acceptance of this theory leaves us in even a worse condition, for now Myra's love is not for her brother himself, but for mere accidents of birth, and from so ideal a passion as this there could never spring such a depth of affection as she professes. Even recognizing that strong and ambitious women are often, in fiction at least, the veriest slaves of the weakest men, one must acknowledge that Lord Beaconsfield has either strained this principle, or possessed a most remarkable sister.

In considering the character of Myra, we shall strive to forget

that she is intended to represent any historical personage, and shall treat her, like any other character in fiction, only for what she is. It is indeed a difficult task to discover Myra's real character, and, from among the verbose rubbish of description and conversation, to find out what she thinks and means to say. She is introduced to us as a young miss of eleven, proud, supercilious, and possessing in almost an unnatural degree the faults of a spoilt child; and here, at the very beginning, we notice the main defect of the character. The author has evidently aimed at portraying in the child the character of the woman, and with what success attentive reading alone will show. In the first place, the character seems to be almost reversed. One can easily picture a pleasant, affectionate girl becoming haughty and disdainful after her first winter of gaiety and even remaining so forever after; but one can hardly imagine this condition reversed, and a proud, disdainful nursery miss transformed by society into a gentle, loving woman. Perhaps the author looked for the agent of this change in the trials and sorrows of Myra's early years. But even these, terrible and crushing as they are, seem to work no change of character nor break her proud ambitious spirit. Even the shock of her father's tragic death does not appear to move her. When Endymion, utterly unmanned by his grief, hesitates, dreading to see "the anguish of her countenance, her face is grave, and not a tear even glistened." "Yes," she says, "he was dear to us, and we were dear to him, but the curtain has fallen. We must exert ourselves." Still this apparent calm may have been assumed in order to spare her brother, or familiarity may have blunted the keen edge of her sorrow.

But even were the character consistent, it fails utterly in truth to nature. Even in modern society, Myra's feelings toward her parents would be, to say the least, remarkable; but when we remember how much sterner were the relations between parents and children fifty years ago, we know not what to think. Young ladies at the present day are sometimes required to consult their parents' wishes, and when their plans are crossed, often express their displeasure by frowns or even tears. But Myra stooped to

no such exhibitions of feminine weakness. "Her mother, though accomplished and eager, was often annoyed and irritable. Then there were scenes, or rather ebullitions on one side, for Myra was always enraging from her total want of sensibility. Sometimes it became necessary to appeal to Mr. Ferrars, and her manner to her father, though devoid of feeling, was at least not contemptuous." How great must have been her self-restraint! A miss of thirteen, barely out of the nursery, yet so much the mistress of her feelings as to be able to conceal the contempt she has for her father, and this in 1832! She possesses a peculiar, almost a unique way, of "blending love and mockery in her smiles"; and with these she often favors Endymion when she speaks her words of sage advice or shrewd prophecy. Her whole childhood is utterly unnatural: she is wise beyond her years—a woman in child's clothing.

We candidly own that we know nothing of Lord Beaconsfield's private life; yet how much of it appears in the descriptions of Myra and her brother! Her supreme love and devotion to her brother, who is so far from deserving it, shows, as we have said before, that the writer must either have possessed a most remarkable sister, or, never having had a sister at all, has drawn one according to his ideal of what a sister should be. Myra's unnatural reserve shows how little Disraeli must be acquainted with the ways of children. A child may be proud, self-willed, rude, *naturally*; but self-restrained, at least to any great degree, never. Children cannot conceal their feelings. They are too natural; in spite of themselves, they act out their thoughts. They are sublimely unconscious of the restraints of custom and etiquette, and often speak out their opinions with startling candor. But Myra is always self-restrained; nothing can disturb the equilibrium of her child-mind. "Nothing seemed to escape the penetrative glance of that dark blue eye, calm amid all the mystery, and tolerating rather than sharing the embrace of her parents."

Her confidential remarks to her brother are those either of a poetess that is to be, or of a woman of the world that has been. When she has at last realized the family's loss of position, she

says to Endymion: "I feel as if we had fallen from some star." When Endymion, like a good little boy, reports to her a conversation with Nigel, "her wondrous eyes give him a glance of blended mockery and affection. 'Dear darling,' she says, 'if you are to be a clergyman, I should like you to be a cardinal.'"

At the mature age of sixteen she expresses anxiety lest her father, one of the king's privy councilors, would not be "daring enough" to seize the opportunity of regaining his lost position. When Endymion is leaving home to enter a government office, Myra foretells for him a brilliant future: "Things are dark and I fancy they will be darker; but brightness will come somehow or other to you, darling, for you are born for brightness. You will find friends in life and they will be women."

She really seems touched by her mother's great misfortune. She does not show it by words, and perhaps it may be difficult to detect a change in her manner; still her actions speak for her. Although she preserves an outward calm, it may be that her love for Endymion, combined with her natural self-control, enables her thus to restrain her feelings.

If we judge Myra by what she does, rather than by what she says, we shall form a truer, fairer conception of her character. Though proud and reserved in manner, there is still something about her which is "irresistibly attractive." Introduced a perfect stranger into a strange family, she wins the hearts of all. Her powers of perception are keen and penetrating, and Prince Florestan himself acknowledged that "she was the only person who had ever read his character." Her judgment is cool and unbiassed, and even in matters of love, when the heart often rules the head, Myra evinces a shrewd, calculating, almost mercantile spirit which sometimes chills us. Still, in spite of this intellectual calm, she exhibits all a woman's curiosity; although she is always careful to preserve her dignity, and never resorts to any low or mean subterfuge to satisfy it.

Adriana serves really a dramatic purpose in this part of the story. She is the exact opposite of Myra. She is timid, and morbid in her feelings, while Myra is self-confident, and intel-

lectually firm. Adriana imagines that she is loved not for herself but for her possessions, while Myra, having no possessions, knows that she must be loved for herself alone.

Perhaps the most complete failures in the whole story are the attempted descriptions of love-scenes. When one tries to accomplish a task beyond his abilities, or describe scenes and emotions of which he has not the dimmest conception, failure almost certainly follows. Though from early youth a man of society, and enjoying the acquaintance and friendship of women, Disraeli has effectually proved that of true, pure love he knows nothing. He can form no conception of it. He cannot recognize in it any moving force. He regards it not as a cause, only as an effect. Hence his love-scenes, if they can be called such, are either the outbreaks of a gushing sentimentality or the business-like receipt "for value received." Thus poor Myra is made to suffer through her author's ignorance, and it is hardly just to demand from her a strict account of her actions. It is curious to note the difference of her behavior towards Lord Roehampton and Nigel Penruddock when they declare their love. Towards the latter, the author, in spite of his clumsiness, has shown that she is utterly indifferent, but towards Lord Roehampton she has other feelings. She does not indeed love him, at least in the way that ordinary mortals love one another, but she feels for him that sort of reverence which a great man always inspires. She speaks of his "intellect, eloquence, courage, great station and power." She hopes to "sympathize with him; perhaps to aid him," and she feels a just pride in being the wife of such a man. She is really surprised when Lord Roehampton offers himself; she is absolutely embarrassed; in fact, more than "a little overwhelmed."

Her married life is rather disappointing when contrasted with her early days, yet it is about what we would naturally expect. As the wife of a great party leader and cabinet minister, her chief attention and thought are claimed by social duties. Yet she never forgets Endymion, and constantly strives to promote

his advancement. He is the only person she loves. Her marriage and her husband are only means to secure his glory.

We must now hasten to the close. The death of Lord Roehampton, the departure from England and the triumphal entry of Prince Florestan into his kingdom, pass rapidly across the stage. Then follows the marriage of Florestan and Myra, and the curtain falls.

This marriage is a secondary climax in the story. It is hinted at almost from the beginning. As the Count of Otranto Florestan had been "the unseen hero of her childhood"; as Colonel Albert he had been the object of her curiosity and interest; as King Florestan he had united her childish hero-worship with the deeper appreciation of her woman's mind. He, on his part, acknowledges her influence from the very first. So strong, indeed, are his first impressions, that he seems to recognize her as an old friend. He attributes to her alone all his social position in England, and pays her in return the most delicate attentions. As surely do their parts lead up to the marriage as does Endymion's to the Premiership.

The ease with which she turns to the Church of Rome reveals a curious inconsistency of character. As a general fact, with a strong family pride is joined an intense devotion to sect—the peculiar form of the family religion. But Myra's family pride is not of the past, but of the future. She can look back only with regret and sorrow, but in the future is the brightness of hope. Thus she readily sacrifices all conviction, that she may obtain glory. Although, as Endymion says, "her mind is too masculine ever to be the slave of Jesuitical influence," still she does not hesitate to follow the Jesuitical maxim that "the end justifies the means."

Her last appearance shows her in a new light. The dark and gloomy past is tinged with the bright present; she can recall it even with pleasure. She goes with her brother to the old home of their childhood, and on the very spot where years before she had announced to him the ruin and disgrace of their

family, she now rejoices with him as he occupies the highest position in the English government.

A LEGEND OF THE RHINE.

Many, many years ago there stood on the bank of the Rhine a stately old castle. Here for centuries had dwelt the Barons von Heiligbassendorn, and from here their fame had gone out far and wide. In all the land were no such hard drinkers. Any member of the family who could not floor half a dozen of the common herd in a single night's drinking, would have been disinherited at the very least. The women of the family, too, were said to be not far behind their fathers and brothers. At the time of our story the family had dwindled to three. These were old Baron Max von Heiligbassendorn, his son Wilhelm and his daughter Alberta. The family resemblance was strong in all of them. There were the same blue eyes, the same fair complexion and flaxen hair, the same superabundance of flesh. Nor did they fail at all with regard to the family trait of valiant drinking; well did they sustain the honor and dignity of the name of Heiligbassendorn.

Loud was the revelling in the old hall of the splendid castle. Loud indeed were the boastings of the old Baron and his worthy son Wilhelm. "For twenty-five years," cried the young man, "I have met at the table every form of man that the broad empire of Germany could furnish, and I never yet lowered my head." "Wilhelm has his thousands overcome," replied Baron Max, "but I my tens of thousands." Nor was their boasting vain. Their mighty deeds were known through all the land, and there was not a man in Germany dared meet them at the wine-stained table. But they grew too haughty. Soon they cried that to none in the world would they yield the palm. This last boast reached the ears of a noble Englishman, the Earl of Manchester,

who was then traveling in Germany. It aroused his ire. He vowed a knightly vow that he would take upon himself to lower the lofty pride of the noble Germans. Ordering his squire to pack up his dress suit, and donning his traveling armor, he made his way toward the castle of Heilighassendorn, intent upon meeting the boasters on the field of Bacchus. He little knew what was in store for him. The winter before, Alberta von Heilighassendorn had attended a masquerade ball a few miles from home, at which the Earl was present. They had met, fallen in love and then parted ere either could learn the name and lineage of the other.

The news of the Earl's purpose had preceded him. His reputation, too, as a hard and consistent drinker, had gone ahead, but had had little effect on either father or son. Their self-sufficiency prevented fear of defeat. Not so with Alberta. She had once paid a visit to England and knew how Englishmen could drink. She knew that her father would never recover from the disgrace if he were defeated. She resolved to use strategy. Learning from her servants that the Englishman had arrived at the inn, she sent him a message to the effect that the lady of Heilighassendorn Castle was "at home," and would be glad to receive a call from the distinguished stranger. Her plan was to inveigle him into drinking with herself and so to bring him into such a state that victory would be easy for the Baron.

The Earl, gallant as all Englishmen, obeyed the call. When he entered the lady's presence, an expression of pleased surprise crept over both faces. "The Sultana!" "The Devil!" burst respectively from his and her lips, those having been the characters they had assumed at the masquerade. Now was Alberta in a quandary. The Earl's love for her made it easy to deceive him as she had intended ere she learned his identity; but her own love for him made her loth to attempt it. "However," she reasoned with herself, "if my father's defeated, his heart will break, and I can never marry his murderer." While these thoughts were passing through her mind, she welcomed her lover, no doubt in a way most satisfactory to him. She came to

the conclusion that her plan must be carried out. It proved extremely successful. She showed her descent from the family of Heiligbassendorn by the valiant way in which she accompanied the Earl in his cups, but she only saved herself from utter defeat by telling him to "go and see Papa." The Earl obeyed. Sing then, ye nine that on Olympus dwell, of the mighty conflict that ensued. I prefer to leave it unsung. Suffice it to say that the Earl was defeated, but only by further strategy; Wilhelm substituting his almost exactly similar figure for his father's, when the Baron was nearly overcome and the Earl too far gone to notice the change. But the Baron von Heiligbassendorn was struck with admiration for the Earl of Manchester's valor, especially after he had learned of his daughter's stratagem. Approaching the noble stranger, on his recovery, he declared to him that he could never allow such power as that to remain outside the family of Heiligbassendorn. "Marry my daughter," said he, "and I will give you anything I possess, my castle or even my favorite drinking goblet. Thus will our families, united, produce the greatest drinkers in all the world." But the Earl replied: "I ask no reward for accepting the hand of the lovely Alberta. Her treachery to me makes me hesitate not at all. I know her motives, and it is with deepest joy that I find you thus already reconciled to our marriage. But I warn you that when we are wedded and Alberta owes her first duty to her liege lord and not to her father, then will I come and overcome you as I intended to have done this time." And he did.*

*We would call attention to this story as a literary curiosity. It is one of the few Rhine legends we have seen that contain no murder and no ghosts.—
EDS. LIT.

VOICES.

"THE WORLD unto an end shall come
In eighteen hundred and eighty-one."

—*Mother Shipton.*

Not long since, it was my fortune to come across a curious volume, containing an account of some explorations in the Great Pyramid of Egypt and the deductions therefrom as to the future of this terrestrial sphere. It seems strange that there should be any relation between two such incongruous subjects, but Prof. Piazza Smyth, the author, is certainly of that opinion. His theory is that the Great Pyramid is of divine origin, and intended for nothing more or less than an imperishable volume of this world's history to its very close. He goes about it in this wise: From the entrance of the pyramid a passage descends at a considerable angle far into the ground, where it terminates in a deep pit. This passage is four thousand pyramid inches long. Now a pyramid inch stands for a year of the world's history. The entrance is the dispersion of mankind in 2527 B. C., and this descending passage is typical of man's decline after that event. There is but one escape from this—an ascending passage, fifteen hundred and forty inches long, representing the fifteen hundred and forty years of the Mosaic dispensation. At this point the passage is verged into a broader and higher one, typifying the birth of Christ and his earthly kingdom. Thirty-three inches from its commencement, representing the thirty-three years of Christ's life on earth, we come to a deep well, signifying his death, while the long, lofty Grand Gallery shows the dominating rule in the world of the blessed religion He hath established, overshadowed by the thirty-six stones of his earthly ministry. This Grand Gallery is eighteen hundred and eighty-one inches long, representing that number of years since the birth of Christ. That the last few years were to be of unexampled prosperity, is shown

by the greater upward inclination which the gallery assumes toward its end. Arriving at eighteen hundred and eighty-one, suddenly an "impending wall" appears, impassable except by one low, narrow passage, typifying, if not destruction, certainly times of great desolation and ruin. On the other side of the passage, before reaching the King's Chamber, a narrow gallery, entering from above, undoubtedly is typical of the second advent of Christ.

This is, in brief, Prof. Smyth's prophecy. You can take it for what it is worth. But certainly things look bad for the present Senior Class.

I HAD A DREAM the other night. Let not this statement call forth any cruel insinuations of a too hearty supper. This dream, as you will see, contained so much instruction and pointed so good a moral that it cannot be attributed to any so earthly cause. Perhaps it was due to a recent perusal of *Harper's* for March.

I thought that in some mysterious way I was transported back a few years in time, and that in my hands was placed the power of controlling all the actions of our Faculty and Trustees. I was in high glee, thinking that with the experience of my College course—which experience I still in some strange way retained—I could surely make the administration of this College such a model of wisdom as it had never yet been. But my first trial blasted my hopes.

The Committee on Morals and Discipline was deliberating on the removal from the gymnasium to the hotel of the billiard tables which a kind friend had presented to the College. "Surely," thought I, "that will cause great dissatisfaction. It is hard that the fellows should be forced to pay for a game on the tables that were freely given to them. I will prevent it." And prevent it I did. The billiard tables were left in the gym., and I turned away with much self-gratulation, looking for new worlds to conquer. But happily I was compelled first to follow out the results of my first experiment. As time went on, I saw

that I had done much mischief. The hotel, deprived of the revenue it should have received from the tables, languished, became a too heavy cost to its owner, and was at last given up. The fellows were at first happy and contented over the retention of the free privilege. But trouble soon arose. Every one looked on it as his duty to play, and soon there was developed an inordinate fondness for the game on all hands. All the true and useful aims of College, both athletic and otherwise, went to the dogs. Slosson, Sexton, Schaefer and others well fitted to instruct in the popular branch, were placed at the head of the Faculty. Philosophy and foot-ball, base-ball and Physics, even the Freshmen course in bowling, were made optional. Deprived of the blessings of mental education, the fellows sank back into the savage state. Quarrels arose over precedence and over fine points of the game. Bloodshed followed. Ere long, beyond a doubt, the whole College would have become extinct; but this catastrophe I averted by punching myself, and I awoke, praying that I might never again doubt the wisdom of any action of the powers that be.

AFTER A THOROUGH INVESTIGATION and extended observation, it has been revealed that there exist above our College buildings as many as eight weather vanes. Whether they fulfill the functions eternally fitted to their nature, or whether they are naught but vain delusions, is the question in point. The arrow forever flying over the summit of North has rigidly refused to yield to wind, or storm, or years, ever since its inauguration. Its constant aim has never belied the name of its ancient pedestal. Charmed by some northern lodestone, it points to pole and pole, while the old bell beneath it tolls to poll and poll, and the wearied pollers poll from toll to toll.

"Down by the weeping willow," over a summer villa near the Gym., is another product of mechanical skill, which arrogantly claims to be ever in harmony with the breezes, spicy and otherwise. By far the most marvelous, however, are the struc-

tures surmounting the pinnacles of Reunion, imparting to it a symmetry and glory unsurpassed. In number, four; in form, like to depraved Yale-lock keys; in positions, various as are the vagaries of a post-logical Junior; in allegiance, rendering more or less obeisance to King Æolus, but very often the old gentleman has to send blustering Boreas, or some of his equally gymnastic brethren to confer with them before their attention can be properly directed. We might continue much in the same vein, but must close with honorable mention for the steady pointers over the Gym., and directions to all inquirers to consult handkerchief or moistened finger for best information as to which way the wind blows.

THE FACULTY had a streak of generosity, and all who applied for permission to take in the Inauguration were granted a recess for that purpose from the Wednesday before that day until the following Monday. My chum and I were very anxious to go down to Washington on that great occasion, but we did not suppose that permission would be granted, and so we didn't apply, as we wanted to escape the chagrin and disappointment of having our requests denied. But when we found how fortunate others had been, we were decidedly bored, it is needless to say. Thursday afternoon we grew desperate, and trusting to the leniency of the Faculty upon our return, we purchased tickets and took the night train for Washington. We were accommodated in a sleeper as far as Philadelphia, but money couldn't buy a berth for the rest of the way, and so we had to sit up—a good preparation for a hard day's walking and sight-seeing. Arrived at Washington, we elbowed our way through the crowd, and found a restaurant. After waiting there for one hour, we procured breakfast at the reduced rate of two dollars apiece, and then hurried out to see the sights.

The first thing we saw was a good inch of slush covering the pavements. This determined us to purchase overshoes, but we soon found that overshoes could not be had in Washington.

Every shoe-store was crowded with melancholy-looking men with very wet feet, glaring savagely at the proprietors who assured them that their last rubbers were sold at least two hours before. We concluded that we could stand it if everybody else had to, and so we started forth to visit some public buildings in the spare time before the inaugural ceremonies. What was our dismay to find that the public buildings were all closed on Inauguration Day! We might have known this if we had thought about it, but we hadn't thought about it, and it was a great disappointment. At length we squeezed in with many thousands of other people, and waited for the Inauguration. We liked the address very much when we read it the next day in the paper, but unfortunately we couldn't hear it when it was delivered. After the new President was duly installed, we made a rush for the avenue, to stand on a corner two hours, looking at the great procession, and thinking every now and then of our wet feet.

This over, we thought it about time to look around for accommodations. Who can understand the depth of grief that filled our minds as we found that Washington was full, and we could not get a room anywhere? We were tired, and a cloud of sadness settled over us as we wended our way to the depot and procured a single berth in a homeward bound train. We are slowly recovering from our disappointment, but we would earnestly advise all our friends who want to see Washington never to go in Inauguration week.

IT IS TO BE REGRETTED that the old volumes of the *LIT.* are not in the College Library. Would it not be a great addition to have upon the shelves a complete set of back numbers? How pleasant it would be to look back through the old pages to the time that our fathers were here at Old Nassau; to see how they thought and wrote; how they indulged their gymnastic proclivities, or in what "*Voices*" they cried to heaven for reform. They would form a history of the College, not only relating the deeds of those who have gone before, but also giving us an in-

sight into their thoughts. If we ask for back LITS., we are told that there are some unbound numbers filed away somewhere, to which access might, with trouble, be had. This does not supply the deficiency in the least. We want them where we can glance over them when taking a quiet loaf in the Library or wishing to refer to something of no especial importance. Anything that might be wanted of them would rarely be so important as to repay one for the annoyance incident to the present necessary search. But if these volumes were bound annually and put upon the shelves, they would before long form no small addition to the Library. As it is, they are wasted. As far as every body but the Lit. Board is concerned, the subscription price is thrown away. We would not for a moment discountenance this subscription. Far be such a thought from us. We think it one good step. But another step should follow immediately—to let us and those who are to come after us have the LITS. where we can use them.

WE HAVE HEARD that some of the Sophomore Reception Committee are in favor of obtaining, if possible, the use of the Gymnasium for next June. The idea seems an excellent one. The Reception is for dancing. From present indications, there will be more ladies attending it than ever before, and it must be agreed that the more room there is, the greater will be the facility and enjoyment of dancing. Those who attended the last Reception will remember how crowded it was, and how difficult to dance with ease in a small room with four large pillars; and they can see how uncomfortable it would have been if the crowd had been larger, as the next one promises to be. By using the Gymnasium there would be another advantage gained—that of coolness. The ceiling is high, and the temperature would be correspondingly low—certainly, an important item in a Summer ball. The decorations also could be made much more effective here than at the hotel.

For the supper, two long tables could be placed where the

bowling alleys now are, and, as the tables become filled, comfort could be secured to those seated by closing the doors, as is done in many large balls. The entrance to the room should be by one staircase and the exit by the other.

It may be objected, that if it should rain, the Gymnasium would be difficult of access. True, it would not be as convenient as if the weather were pleasant. But it can be asked how comfortable would the hotel be, in case of rain, with the balconies closed to use and the guests crowded into the few rooms?

We hope the Committee may be unanimous in voting to obtain the Gymnasium, and earnestly appeal to the authorities to grant the application.

EDITORIALS.

THE CAMPUS has laid aside its white mantle and has assumed its old brown hue—more correctly, perhaps, a nondescript conglomeration of all the different shades of coloring that mud can impart. It is difficult as yet to distinguish much of the beauty that we hope will yet emerge, as in years gone by, before the influx of visitors comes upon us in third term, and especially at Commencement time. Princeton is—or deserves to be—famed for its beauty, and it is to be hoped that this year, when the signs of the times point to a larger crowd of guests than usual at our gala season, her reputation will not be lowered. The grounds are in a worse condition than usual, owing, of course, to the misfortunes which last summer disturbed the whole body politic and spoiled for the time being the appearance of the territory over which the said body exercises sovereignty. We may reasonably hope that it will not be long before we shall be relieved of the unsightly ditches which stern necessity has brought to disfigure our campus. Surely the greater part of a year will be found to

have been sufficient for establishing a system of drainage perfectly in accordance with the most approved theories of sanitary reform. It is time that we should see this work brought to a completion and a beginning made of effacing from the campus the blotches which it has left. And we may depend on kindly nature to do her full share in covering all up with a cloak of green, and hiding these too material reminders of past blunders.

SPRING WEATHER is approaching, and soon will revive the pleasant custom of the Seniors' singing on the steps of Old North. We have often noticed the interest with which the students will linger on the campus after supper to hear the singing, and the unanimity with which the Seniors themselves meet together night after night. The rarity of such entertainments through the year, makes them more highly prized; and this Senior singing is one of the most enjoyable customs in College. The number of hearers show that the students enjoy good music, perhaps the more because in other months we have so little of it.

For it is a fact that College songs are less and less frequently heard about the campus. But for the Seniors and an occasional concert by the Glee Club, "scarce a sound would be heard, not a funeral note" to bewail the death of *Carm. Coll.* It is strange, too. College life has its idle hours; and there are students who know how to join in a jolly chorus, and would be glad to do it if there were opportunity. Why should not the several classes form the habit of meeting occasionally, to sing? Not to interfere with the Senior custom but to supplement it. There might be an informal understanding that, in the pleasant days of fall and spring, one class meet on the campus one evening, another on the next, and so on. As the students saunter over from tea, let them stop awhile and add to the volume of sound which many voices can make so grand. Smaller groups, too, as they happen to form at odd times, would sing, did custom encourage them.

Let there be more of this College singing. It is a fine,

hearty old custom, it drives away the blues, gives enjoyment to singers and hearers, and does much to draw friends and classmates nearer together and promote organization and fraternity. In after life we will find too few opportunities for care-defying and singing, to be willing to neglect them now.

BASE-BALL ONCE MORE. No new suggestions have we to offer on the management of the nine, past or present. We desire firstly to express our regret for the two resignations which successive incumbents of the Presidency of the Association have found it necessary to offer. Messrs. Haynes and Pitney, as was said at the mass meeting, have each proved his ability to conduct the Association wisely and well, and the College experienced a loss in the withdrawal of each. But the loss, we believe, has been made up in the person of the new President, Mr. Vanderburgh, and we may still expect to see the Association well managed.

In the second place, we are constantly reminded by daily papers, sporting papers and College papers, of the great importance to us of success this year. Every one is looking eagerly forward to the contest between Princeton, the champion of last year's Association, and Yale, her most formidable competitor for this year's championship. It behooves us to put forth our best efforts now if never before. The games to be played here and in New England have been so arranged as to bring no such burdensome tax on the men this year as that which last year operated so largely for the loss of the Yale game. Some of the best players of last year's nine are gone, but their places will be well supplied, and with proper effort there is no reason why the pennant should not remain with us.

"MORTAR-BOARDS" are again under discussion. In fact, they have passed beyond discussion, for we understand that two classes have already decided to wear them—will perhaps be wearing

them in a very short time. An abortive attempt to introduce them was made shortly before '81 entered College, and the subject has been often mentioned since. Now the experiment is really to be tried.

We are not prepared to express a very decided approval or disapproval of the custom. Partly because it would be practically useless, since the three lower classes have already expressed very decided opinions, but chiefly because it is entirely a matter of taste, and we have no intention of setting up the LIT. as a fashion-magazine. We fail to see any great good to be gained by the adoption of this distinctive badge. They will never be worn away from Princeton, and in Princeton there is no need of any such distinction between the student and the townsman. On the other hand, there is no harm in it. The question simply settles down, as we said before, into one of taste. If the appearance of an Oxford hat is pleasing to a man or a class, there is no earthly reason why they should not get them and wear them. And if any one don't like to wear the thing, there is no power in College or anywhere else that will compel him to "don the hated badge." If asked for our private opinion, we should express ourselves as rather inclined to like the looks of the *quasi* uniformity, as well as of the individual hats themselves. But doubtless others, with a better right to an opinion on matters of taste—or at least as good—would express the opposite opinion. So it goes. *De gustibus haud disputandum.*

The Juniors have decided against wearing mortar-boards. The Seniors will not be likely to express any opinion at all, as a class, their short prospective stay making them to feel little personal interest. But if '83 and '84 hold to their resolution, a year or two will probably see the custom firmly established.

RUMOR WHISPERS that one of the daily chapels is to be done away with. We can scarce credit the news, but would welcome it if true. Chapel services are right and proper, and have the

worthy ends of cultivating habits of attendance on church service, of bringing religious subjects constantly before the students, of according with Princeton's good name as a staunch old Presbyterian College, and of often invoking the Divine blessing. But services repeated too often lose their power, and one who hears two long prayers a day may grow inattentive. The listener, too, may be in the wrong spirit, for it is often very inconvenient to be present, especially at evening chapel if he has no College exercise just before it. The object of the meetings could be as well—we think better—attained if they came less frequently. That some change is proposed would indicate that the Faculty believe so too.

Doubtless the majority of the students would prefer the discontinuance of the morning service; but that is probably not to be hoped for. An allowance of absences or at least some extra privilege to upperclassmen would be a desirable change in regard to morning chapel, even if the other were dispensed with.

OLLA-PODRIDA.

DOINGS OF THE MONTH.

FEBRUARY 22D—Glee Club Concert at Harrisburg, Pa. Reception afterward.

FEBRUARY 23D—Glee Club Concert at Philadelphia. Serenade after the concert.

FEBRUARY 25TH—Prof. Murray's fifth reading.

FEBRUARY 28TH—Glee Club Concert in town, assisted by Instrumental Club and Choral Union.

MARCH 2D—Fourth and last Art Lecture of the course by Prof. Weir, of Yale College.

MARCH 12TH—Fifth and last division Chapel Stage.....Inter-Collegiate Base-ball Convention at Springfield.

MARCH 14TH—Junior Logic Spree.....Choral Union Concert in town.

MARCH 15TH—Foot-ball constitution adopted.....Mass meeting ruled that competition for *Princetonian* Board should henceforth be open to Scientists and Academics on equal terms.

MARCH 17TH—Taylor Bryan, '82, elected Captain of the foot-ball team.

MARCH 19TH—Glee Club Concert in Chickering Hall, New York.

'76, B. GREEN, preached in chapel on 13th inst.

'78, HENRY, in town lately.

'79, "BUCK" BLACKWELL, Pitney, Cuyler, Jack Stewart, McCarter and Farr, ditto.

'79, YEOMANS, appeared on the campus decorated with a tile.

'79, HARRY BROOKS seen at a social gathering at Rocky Hill. Funny as ever.

'79, TOMMY WILSON, compelled by illness to leave the University of Virginia. Now continuing his study of the law at Wilmington, N. C. Wishes to be remembered to all his old-time friends.

'80, DEVEREUX, Vaughan and Withington, off duck-shooting on the Chesapeake lately.

'80, HEDGES, seen at a reception in Philadelphia. Made a tear in examination at the U. of Pa.

'80, HARRIS, Lanier and Paton, paid us a short visit.

'80, WEED, in town the other day.

'81, BLYDENBURGH, took the *Princetonian* poetry prize.

'81, CRAVEN, carried from a room in South Edwards, in an indifferent state and a hammock, by two Seniors, for the consideration of twelve and a half cents apiece. Charges yet unpaid.

JOHN P. COYLE, tutor in Latin, had an article in the last *Princeton Review*, entitled "A Moral Argument."

PROF. HOLDEN, joint author of text-book on Astronomy used by the Seniors, visited Prof. Young's observatory on the 10th inst.

PROF. YOUNG, of Bowdoin, visited Prof. Brackett on the 16th.

"GOING to the con.?" "Cert."

Before Phys. Geog. examination—"Round the world in eighty minutes."

WHIG HALL Soph. Prize Speaking—1st, J. A. Hodge, Jr.; 2d, J. L. Keller.

SOVEREIGN remedy for the new crew—Row-shell salts.

"N." H., '82, says, "Genius and the world are antagonistic."

TOWNSEND, '81, wants to know if a pair of fighting goats are *two-buttin'* kids.

A CERTAIN JUNIOR got a little mixed on the celebrated artists, Cimabue and Raphael, mentioned at the art lectures, and wanted to know who "Jimmy Radcliff" was.

"HERE AND THERE" MAN at work in Phys. Lab. on a Holtz machine, to Prof. B.: "Professor, all these things are contrived by mere accident." Prof. B., "I made that one." H. & T. man, "Yes, but I mean the principle of the thing." Prof. B., "I never saw one made on this principle before." (Subside H. & T. man.)

PROF. ORRIS has recovered from his late illness, and has resumed his classes.

H, '81, "TISSUE-BALLOT" man, says "I would rather be emaciated to the last degree of attenuation than be one iota too corpulent." Whew!

SCENE: CHEM. LAB. Tutor of Math. to Sen.: "What are you working at?" Funny Sen.: "The Elixir of Life."

Scene 2, Math. room, ten minutes later, same Tute lecturing: "It took a genius to do this. Genius can do anything. A *genius* will some day discover the *Elixir of Life*." Sen. pulls a sickly grin and resolves never to be funny again.

SENIORS CAN TAKE out five books from the College Library.

SEN. CHEM. ELECTIVES are testing beer, some in the Lab., some at Carl's.

"A RECENT orator claimed that Garfield was a grandson of Yale, giving as a reason that Williams was a daughter of Yale."—*Ex.*

THE NEW YORK Alumni call on their members for \$5 each. The organization bids fair to flourish.

PROF. S., lecturing on Arsenic: "This substance, gentlemen, is often put in children's playthings, and is very dangerous when they put them in their mouths. *Avoid all such things.*" [Laughter.] "That's a slip, gentlemen, I mean your babies." [Class convulsed.]

THE ST. PAUL'S Society has made a desperate effort and has at last obtained a room in the College in which to hold their weekly meetings. As this was the only drawback to the Society in previous years, we may now expect to see it a permanency—as it should be—in the College.

PROF. K.—"Gentlemen, there's some fun in Purgatory, but there's no fun here."

JUNIORS INTERESTED in the process of volcanic formation will do well to study the *ash-heaps* by the side of Clio and Whig.

AT WASHINGTON—time, Inauguration—First Ward politician to Second ditto, pointing to the Capitol: "That's where the President lives, isn't it?"

OUR E. C.'s pretty treasurer says, "I'm not *pretty*, you know, but I'm awfully fascinating. But then I can't help *that*."

THE PRESENT Seniors may sell their rooms on the same conditions as former classes. Future classes will not be allowed that privilege, but the rooms will, on the graduation of the class, become, *ipso facto*, vacant. Justice was hoodwinked, but some one has torn off the bandage, for the time being.

THE WONDERING natives in town were very much excited on the 11th inst. over the appearance of Venus at noonday. She was very bright, but some

who could not discern her were so foolish as to think that a tower had been discovered on Dickinson Hall and were wild with delight. The impression, it is needless to say, was totally unfounded.

The Senior sat in his easy chair,
And puffed before the fire;
With every puff he thought of her,
And each puff puffed her higher.

PROF. OF ENG. LIT., criticising Dryden's Comedies: "Take out their indecency and they are stupid." Aren't they stupid either way, Professor?

THE HISTORIAN GREEN must have had to give red-tape excuses in his College days. He certainly appreciates the situation of the modern American student when he says of Elizabeth, "A falsehood was to her simply an intellectual means of meeting a difficulty."—*Courant*.

STARVATION CLUB, dusky waiter to famished student: "How will you have your beef, sir?" "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

EXTRACT FROM Senior's Chapel Stage (cut out): "Protective tariff, that product of the sterile minds of the Lilliputian statesmen of America."

"SCENE AT A STABLE—Funny Freshman to hostler, who is rubbing down his horse, 'Pat, I'm 'fraid you're currying favor with that horse.' Hostler, 'Faith, no! I'm merely scrapin' an acquaintance.'"—*Crimson*.

PRESIDENT TO SEN.—"Mr. H., what is your definition of knowledge?" Sen. (candidate for Mental Science Fellowship)—"Knowledge? Why, knowledge is what we know."

PACH HAS RETURNED with a new joke—about "that handsome gentleman on the right." You know. Learned it at Vassar, they say. We suggest that Mr. Pach (who takes those "lovely photos") change places with the "Here and There" man. Jokes and pictures call for the change.

SOPH. SCIENTIF., transing the fable of the "bundle of sticks" for classmate—"You remember it, don't you?" S. S. No. 2—"Oh, yes! that's in the Bible."

THIS IS A little co-educational scene: Prof.—"Who will see Mr. B. before next Monday?" Lady student (hesitating and blushing a little more)—"I shall see him Sunday night, probably."—*Transcript*.

THE SOPHS. and Freshmen are going to wear mortar-boards. Mortar-boards imply bricks. Sometimes rotten eggs.

"Or where old Cam soft-paces o'er the lea,
In pensive mood, and tunes his Doric reed."
—Thomson's "Seasons."

PACH HAS A PHOTOGRAPH of Henry Ward Beecher. Says he took it especially for the Princeton College and Sem.

NOW THE OLD fire racket has begun again. Noodles of all classes have, like Echo, dwindled into a voice—"Fire!!!"

PROF. Y., in recitation, to student—"That's sufficient, sir. [Student takes his seat.] I will now call up another point. Mr. C!"

"In short, so provoking a devil was Dick,
That we wished him full ten times a day at old Nick;
But missing his mirth and agreeable vein,
As often we wished to have Dick back again."
—Goldsmith's "Retaliation."

AT A LATE mass meeting, W. H. Vanderburgh was elected President of the Base-ball Association, in place of J. O. H. Pitney, resigned.

AT A MEETING of the Athletic Association, it was resolved, among other things—

That entries to the games be thrown open to the College.

That there be winter games in the Gym.

That each member of the College be assessed fifty cents.

That the first \$25 collected go toward paying for the Inter-Collegiate Cup.

That twenty-five cents for one entry, and fifty cents for two or more entries, be the entrance fees to the winter games.

Henry McAlpin, '81, was elected President; J. Larkin, '82, Treasurer, and T. Clarke, '82, Secretary.

GLEE CLUB CONCERT, FEB. 28TH, IN TOWN.—This was the best concert we have ever heard given by the present Glee Club, or, indeed, by any Glee Club in Princeton. The members, individually and as a whole, show careful training. The time was perfect. Old hitches and slurs in tone and expression have been entirely superseded by a grace of movement that would do credit to professional artists. The sentiments of the various songs, humorous and otherwise, as well as the ingenious pantomime by which they were set off, were well selected and speak for themselves. "The Tom Cat," "Italian Salad," "Schneider's Band," "Kinder Symphony," and the duet by Messrs. Shober and Haxall, were notably fine.

The Instrumental Club played very well, but all their renderings lacked power. One or two pieces were very well played, especially the waltzes and the final "Princeton Medley."

The Choral Union were received with deafening applause. They sang with all due accuracy, but need more practice. The last piece was very well sung. Much credit is due to Mr. S. M. Hageman, not only for his careful, patient drill of the Union, but also for his well-marked time, which swayed seventy-five voices as a unit. The audience dispersed at a late hour, immensely delighted.

ERRATUM in last LIT.: Page 302, line 20, for "Gil Blas" read "Vasco de Lobeira."

COLLEGE GOSSIP.

WE ARE DOWN in the depths again. We never before appreciated how little we really are. It is the *Lantern*, the enlightened organ of the Ohio State University, that humiliates us this time. It doesn't openly sit upon us and destroy us—ah, no, it's far worse than that! It simply ignores us. It speaks of "time-honored Yale and Harvard" and "venerable and wealthy Columbia" as being already overshadowed by the great western Universities. "Almost imperceptibly the idea insinuates itself into our minds that the old Colleges just mentioned are fossils of the past." We feel for Yale and Harvard and Columbia. It must be hard for them to be told that they are "fossils of the past." But above all, we grieve for ourselves, for doubtless if the *Lantern* could get down to us at all, we would be called a "fossil" too. "The enthusiasm and energy of the day" are soon to "find a focus in the rising University at Cleveland," which "rising University" is classed with "*John*" Hopkins. Through our tears we feel compelled to smile upon these great Universities of Ohio, and congratulate them upon the lofty height to which they have attained. Would that we might enter the University at Cleveland! But then we would be as much out of place there as some of our museum fossils would be if they should march into our lecture rooms at the ringing of the recitation bell. By the way, the Ohio State Legislature is considering the propriety of uniting her three great Universities. Won't that be grand? Even "*John*" Hopkins University will scarcely be mentioned then. Yale and Harvard will be more than antediluvian, while poor Princeton will be a pre-adamite specimen, if it is unearthed at all.

One of the great things that is moving these great western Colleges at present is a coming Inter-State Oratorical Contest, to take place at Jacksonville, Illinois, on the 4th of May. The people of Jacksonville are urged by the *Rambler* to turn out in full force, for they will in all human probability never again have an opportunity of listening to so superior a collection of very superior orators. A very lively interest is taken in this Contest by all the Colleges connected with it. This is so in regard to the oratorical feature, but more especially true as regards the "base-ball feature." Truly the "base-ball feature" of an Oratorical Contest is good! Verily, it is worthy of the advanced position of the great Colleges of the west. Oberlin is very highly interested in the Contest and may send an orator, but will surely send a "ball club" if sufficient inducement is offered.

The grading system is still agitating the College world. Final examina-

tions are drawing near, and as the men who haven't opened their books for months get to work at them now with an overpowering sense of how little they know, they feel constrained to write severe articles to the College press on the evils of the marking and grading system. Almost every exchange harrows our feelings with a description of the man who works for knowledge instead of grade, and in consequence finds himself at the bottom of his class. This seems very forcible, but isn't it a fact rather contradictory to this that most of the men who take the highest grades are the ones who work to gain true knowledge? Although Wesleyan University is one of the foremost in this crusade against the grading system, it is at present enlivened with a great interest in study and pursuit of knowledge. There is an unusually large interest manifested in the mental and physical sciences, both in and outside of the class rooms. Wesleyan University can't be a fossil yet, for it celebrates only its Semi-Centennial next June.

A strange custom at Dartmouth is their very original way of awarding prizes. A prize bat was offered last fall to the nine gaining first place in the class championship games, and a ball to the second nine. The games didn't come off, and so, in a late meeting of the Dartmouth B. B. A., it was decided to issue a number of tickets, and award the bat to the class *purchasing the greatest number of tickets*, and the ball to the class next in liberality. This is indeed a novel idea, and it is hard to understand how it ever entered into the mind of man to imagine it. It probably originated, however, in the mind of the Treasurer of the association.

This seems to be the season for Sophomore and Freshmen class-suppers. These festivities have been engaged in at Dartmouth, and also at Cornell, and, by the way, the Freshmen supper at Ithaca gave occasion for one of the best College pranks on record. The Sophomores viewed with evil eyes the preparations for the Fresh. supper, and concocted a most ingenious and bold plan for nipping it in the bud. On the day before the one appointed for the supper, a trusty band of Sophs. caught and kidnapped three of the most important Freshman officers—the Toast-master, the Historian and the Prophet—and conveyed them to Rogues' Harbor, otherwise called Libertyville, about eight miles down the lake, with the intention of keeping them there until after the time appointed for the supper. So well did the perpetrators of this dark deed accomplish their designs that no one, not immediately connected with the affair, knew anything about it, and it was not until these three prominent gentlemen were missed, on the following day, that any suspicions were aroused. Then a reward of \$50 was offered for the lost officers, and the Ithaca police succeeded in finding and returning them to their anxious classmates late in the afternoon, and just in time for the supper. That event came off without further mishap, but the Sophomores, although finally foiled, felt abundantly satisfied with the measure of success which they did have. The abducted Freshmen were very well treated by their captors, and all classes unite in fully appreciating the joke. Up to the date of the last Cornell *Review*, the opinion of the Faculty in regard to the subject had not been made public.

The young ladies of Lasell Seminary have caused great consternation at Yale by adopting light blue as their color. It is feared that hereafter it will be impossible to distinguish a Yale man from a Lasell Seminole. This will lead to especial confusion when they have their proposed race with Yale, for which the Lassellians are vigorously training with the rowing-machine which has been recently been put in their gymnasium. The *Gossip* will bet two to one on Lasell. Another recent addition to the facilities of the Seminary consists of "fifteen new and carefully-selected pianos—the pianos being in almost constant use from 8 A. M. to 8:30 P. M. The girls heartily appreciate this change, and avail themselves of every opportunity to practice." Imagine fifteen pianos playing fifteen different tunes without intermission for twelve hours and a half every day of the week! But then they don't confine all their attention to rowing and piano-playing. No, indeed. "Our usual cooking lecture was varied on Saturday, February 5th, by a lesson on buying meat," says the *Leaves*. "A huge side of beef lay on the table, and two butchers in their white frocks were present to cut it; while Miss Parloo gave the names and situations of the various parts," &c.

Yale men naturally feel very much pleased with their newly-purchased athletic grounds—they consider them purchased, for one-half the necessary amount has already been subscribed, and a good committee is after the other half. Some of the athletic games that their Seniors are now indulging in are top-spinning, playing marbles and flying kites. This last is a new addition to the list of their Senior sports, and is by no means a bad one. The Harvard papers are full of the more advanced athletic sports, besides boating and base-ball. According to the *Advocate*, they expect to have "Prof. Er-st and Mr. T-ng" in the Spring of 1890-91. The *Acta Columbiana* makes merry at Harvard's challenge, and proposes that the four-mile race be divided between four consecutive days, a mile each day. Another challenge in connection with Harvard the *Acta* feels rather more solemn about. Last Fall the Columbia Freshmen challenged the Harvard Freshmen for a race. The Harvard Freshmen have accepted, and now it seems that the Columbia crew of '84 cannot be found. The Dartmouth nine is added to the list of those that are said to be doing very excellent and satisfactory work. It is calculated that there are just six nines in the Association that are confident of carrying off the palm this Spring.

EXCHANGES.

That was a graceful sentiment which was proposed in honor of their exchanges at the annual supper of the editorial board of the *Yale Record*:

"Great in number, of small effect,
Of infinite volume, and nothing worth."

But as we look over the dreary pile on our table, we cannot but acknowledge it to be, in the main, true. Happily for us, there are exceptions, and we occasionally find short articles that would be creditable to any paper. The best characteristic of our College press, in a literary point of view, is the bright, witty verses that appear from time to time, especially in the *Advocate*, *Crimson* and *Acta Columbiana*. This kind of composition seems to be peculiarly suited to the average student. The more he gets, the better he is pleased. It is in this direction particularly that our College papers have an opportunity to win their laurels. The *Acta* is at present undeniably ahead in this respect. The following speaks for itself:

A NEW MEANING TO "GIVE AND TAKE."

"One kiss," I pleaded; "just a tiny one,
For a good-night."

A deep carnation swiftly sped
Across the face so pale before,
And modest drooped the graceful head,
As the sweet lips, so blushing red,
Trembled denial that the eyes foreswore.

"Ah, yes"—still pleading—"see, we are alone;
'Tis Love's good-night."

The crested head reared proudly now,
And flashed the eye like diamond light;
And the white face was purest snow,
And the red lips they pouted so,
As the fair lady swept beyond my sight.

An owl—a philosophic owl he proved to be,
That saw the whole occurrence from his tree—
Blinked once, blinked twice, then flapped a lazy wing,
And cracked his bill, and gave one claw a fling:
"Young silly"—here he paused to stretch his head
And plume his owlship's gravity, ere he said—
"To plead for what is yours—if you but make it!
To give she could not, but would let you take it!"

Smintheus, the unutterable, the inexpressible, the pride of Columbia and the terror of all her foes, is again on the war-path. This time it is the unfortunate editors of the *Yale Record*, and in particular one of their number, who is styled *Bumley*, who are the butt of the keen thrusts of wit and the gentle, delicate raillery of this Columbia humorist. When we first turned to the article, "*Smintheus* in New Haven," we naturally expected to find glowing encomiums upon Yale and New Haven, couched in that easy, graceful English for which *Smintheus* is so well known. But what can be the matter? There is no mistake in the authorship. The style is here. And yet where is that confiding affection which but lately marked the tone of the *Acta* toward Yale?

It is difficult to say what can have called forth this tribute to the *Record*. There may have been a cause for it, or there may not. Your true genius is

a law unto himself. Possibly the occasion may have been a remark in a late number of the *Record* to the effect that Smintheus is reported not to be a real Columbia man, "but a sort of exotic that blew in." Some time ago the *Acta* asked, "What would the *Courant* and *Record* say if they were confirmed in their suspicions that 'Smintheus' is a member of the Yale faculty?" To this query the *Courant* replies, "What would the *Acta* say if we should say that we knew Harry T. P——, we mean Smintheus, long before he ever saw the shades of Columbia College? What would it say if we should say that we had often together traced the footsteps of 'Old Put.' down the rocks of quiet Greenwich, or that we had studied together under the same paternal roof? It might say that we prevaricated, but the question is worthy of consideration. We notice that he (Smintheus) was finally retired from the *Acta's* board, and we may hope to see his characteristic pieces no more; but if he will continue his efforts in verse, or even in continued stories, long may he wave."

The C. C. N. Y. is in its usual state of chaos so far as its papers are concerned. There has long been a fierce feud between the *Free Press* and *Mercury*, and lest there should not be enough interest a third party has just made its appearance, the *Argus*. The chief occupation of these interesting sheets is libeling each other. We are justified, we think, in using the word *libeling*, for the truth, under some circumstances, is the worst form of libel, and in these cases it is certainly so.

These verses from the *Athenæum* are rather graceful:

In dreams I see her pretty face,
Of every thought she forms a part;
I would my pen were full of grace
As full of Grace my heart.
Her features every day I trace,
And every day new graces spy;
And if my Grace won't grant me grace,
A graceless wretch I die:—
I've got my *coup-de-grace*! 'Tis Grace I love,
The Graces' graces Grace is far above.

The connection between Grace and evolution may not be at once apparent, (though it may be explained by the law of antithesis, since many consider evolutionists to have fallen from grace,) but the following definition of evolution, which has been going the rounds of our exchanges, and which is credited to Herbert Spencer, will be interesting to those who have not seen it: "Evolution is a change from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite, coherent heterogeneity, through continuous differentiations and integrations." This has been interpreted into plain English by Prof. Tait, (not Mr. Kirkman, as most of our exchanges have it,) and means this: "Evolution is a change from a nohowish, untalkaboutable allalikeness to a somehowish, and in-general-talkaboutable not-allalikeness, by continuous somethingelseifications and sticktogetherations."